KANSAS.

From Our Special Correspondent.

HICKORY POINT, K. T., Aug. 7, 1856.

The early Summer was dry in Kansas. The earth was parched, but within the past few weeks we have had some refreshing rains. The green blades of corn look greener and fresher, and even the prairie grass is more succulent and fresh. The streams are flowing more freely, and the roads, though they dry by our Kansas winds almost immediately after a rain, are not dusty. The neighborhood from which I write is getting more unsettled, but there are no decided marks of hostility yet, except that a man is liable to get knocked down or robbed. I had heard that a man had been murdered on Washington Creek, but have been unable to get reliable information of the facts. Washington Creek is some miles above this place, flowing into the Wakerusa to the south of the Santa Fé Road. On that creek there is a camp of Georgians, who have been committing depredations, although they are not all Georgians, I suspect. Nearly all of the Border Ruffians who come in now-a-days are Carolinians, or Alabamians, or Georgians, which is too bad, as those chivalrous States have enough sin to answer for without saddling on them the villainy of all the rascals of Western Missouri. These fellows on Washington Creek, whatever they are, have built a log fort, although it is not a very dangerous structure. They pretend they are going to build a town, which is the blind under which these armed bands are here in the Territory. They live an indolent camp life, than which nothing, in my estimation, can be more disagreeable or abominably filthy; and it is such a free and-easy life that it appears to induce and develop free-and-easy morals. The men in the camp to which I allude have unquestionably been guilty of many adroitly managed and concealed outrages lately. Beyond all doubt, they had some hand in driving off some Free-State settlers, and took a part in burning the houses on Rock Creek a few weeks ago, an account of which I sent at the time. They try to manage as quietly as possible, for they are amid densely populated settlements, mostly Free-State men. It would not take much more to make the people drive them out; indeed, they already contemplate it. Toward the south these marauding bands are more bold. The proportion of Free-State men there is as great, but the settlements are sparse. The armed bands of Southerners and Missourians which, as I have already written, have been coming into the Territory, are now engaged in land piracy. Every day's reports show matters to be a little worse, and greater boldness and recklessness in these armed bands. Look out for something more interesting shortly. It is possible that these fellows may be called to account for their recent conduct.

A report of a somewhat alarming kind has reached this vicinity recently. Two men, whom I shall not name, have received letters from friends in Missouri (they are both Free-State settlers, who came from Missouri). These letters came from brothers in the Masonic fraternity. They urge them not to remain in the part of the Territory where they are. A scheme has been concocted in the Blue Lodges in Missouri to murder, and plunder, and drive out the Free-State settlers. The Free-State settlements are to be crippled and broken up, all the leaders and influential persons killed, and some whole neighborhoods are to suffer. Arrangements are making in Missouri to systematize attacks on certain points, and "wipe them out." This has been contemplated for some time, but has been delayed until after the Missouri elections, now over, and some of the blows are to be struck within a week.

Such is the sum and substance of those letters, and they have had the effect of exciting quite a feeling in this neighborhood, on Coal Creek, and on the Wakerusa. For my own part, I think the letters are fair warnings, and that the writers are perfectly sincere. I believe that Missouri contemplates this step at the present time, as she has for a year back. The inroad of the armed bands, their location at different points, their menacing attitude and conduct at the present time, are in my mind far more significant than a warning letter. Further hostilities are contemplated beyond a doubt, but I do not regard them as being much to be feared. It is easier to plot the "wiping out a neighborhood" than to do it, and before it is done, I believe that there will be some little noise on both sides. The Border-Ruffians cannot get up a force that will render them formidable without making such a noise that we will hear of them.

I think that the preparation contemplates a guerrilla war. This already exists to some extent, and I think, when fairly inducted, will lead to the reenactment of such scenes as the battle of Black Jack, with similar results. Mr. Stewart, who lives on this side of the Wakerusa, has just had some experience of these fellows. He was going down toward Osawattamie, and was captured at the crossing of the Merodesin by a party of men who claimed to be Georgians. They stopped him, and as soon as they ascertained he was a Free-State man, took him prisoner. This division or camp of these bravos is on or close to the Ottawa reserves. They spend their time since they encamped there in selling liquor to the Indians, and are stirring up some of the wildest of them to help them in the approaching contest. They also keep a supervision of the roads, allow no Free-State traveler to pass, steal horses, and "enunciate" "Southern Rights" after the most orthodox pattern in Kansas.

Mr. Stewart was detained by them, and finally, as he made no particular demonstrations one way or another when he was taken, and as they did not want to take him into their camp, they gave him in charge to three Indians to keep till morning. As the Indians had some whisky, two of them got drunk, and Mr. Stewart contrived to evade them shortly after dark, and got off. The first Indian house he arrived at, he found its inhabitants very much alarmed, as they thought it was the Georgians. They were just deserting their house for the night and going to an Indian neighbor's house where they would be more secure. Mr. Stewart learned that the Georgians come down every night to molest these Indians and abuse their women. The people of Osawattamie are getting anxious about the camp of those bravos down there. They are anxious to have assistance to drive them out, as their outrages are becoming more flagrant every day, and are getting to be insufferable.

The Dragoons are not doing much just now. The Pro-Slavery men have arrested as many prisoners as they can take care of, and rather more than they will be able to board if Congress refuses to pass appropriation bills to meet these expenses. The troops cannot serve the purpose of the Border Ruffians. They may arrest innocent people, and disperse Legislatures, and subdue and drive from the means of defense the Free-State men, when they begin to get the upper hand or become dangerous to the Pro-Slavery men. In this way they are very good auxiliaries to the Border Ruffians, but the Border Ruffians alone can "subdue" Kansas as they want it done; the troops being not sufficiently available in the way of murder and robbery.

The troops are now not the slightest protection to the people of Kansas. The Border Ruffians required that they be removed, and the orders of the Department and the course of Gen. Smith indicate that this request has been virtually complied with. Col. Sumner tried to comply as nearly as he could with the orders he had from Washington and the corrupt Pro-Slavery authorities of the Territory. His course exhibited very gross injustice to the Free-State settlers, but he could not help it, and it always showed some few glimmerings of a desire to be fair. Gen. Smith, on the other hand, is unmitigatedly bad—that is, his administration of authority is so, which is the same thing. He does nothing to protect the Free-State men from these guerrillas, and avows that the only thing the dragoons will do is to enforce the Territorial (bogus) laws.

I have just heard from Lecompton; they have had quite a disturbance there among themselves. Jones, Laine, Donaldson, with all the other Pro-Slavery bullies, have been trying to get Gov. Shannon to call out the militia again, to "collect the taxes." Gov. Shannon, for the first time, showed a little backbone against the audacious rascality of the ruffians, and has refused; nay, more, though they have been plying him with various threats and logic for some days back, he still persists in refusing. What renders this more aggravated, is the fact that a few of the leaders of the Southern Regiment have just got back from the South, with more means and more men, and want to "do something before this strength is dissipated."

So indignant were they at Shannon's un-"Law"-ful and dis-"Order"-ly conduct, that they have threatened a hydropathical remedy for this unprecedented stubbornness. The terms were: "Call "out the Militia, or be ducked in the Kau River." I wonder what Mrs. Shannon would think of "Pro-Slavery society" if she was at Lecompton now. Yesterday the Governor beat a retreat to the prisoners' camp, Capt. Sackett in command, and wanted to be "protected." He was in a bad way, as he had to return to Lecompton last night.

Little did Governor Shannon think yesterday that he was superseded. We have just heard of the appointment of Mr. Geary, and poor Shannon's head at last falls into the basket. If the Border Ruffians ducked him in the Kau last night, according to promise, it would have been a magnificent termination to his gubernatorial dignity; a sublime apotheosis to his authority. Poor Shannon! he has done a great deal of dirty work for little thanks. Let doughfaces and Pro-Slavery hunkers generally read the lesson. At this moment he probably has not a sincere friend on earth, and certainly does not deserve to have one. Will he be impeached for his crimes against Kansas and the peace of the country, or will his mean servility, whittled to a point, pass into peaceful oblivion?

There is no question but the Administration are trying to make a scapegoat of him; but this Kansas affair has made more sins than Shannon can carry with him to the wilderness. It is now certain that Shannon, a few weeks ago, meditated resignation, and at the request of the President tendered his resignation. I fear that the President (Republics is ungrateful) had deliberately come to the conclusion that it would pay better to remove him. Hence, Gen. Smith met Shannon at St. Louis and persuaded him back. It is a shabby trick, and, as matters stand, rather too poor a political speculation.

A revolution in the National Pro-Slavery Democratic party is not to be looked for. They have sacrificed not only the North, but honor, for slavery extension, and they dare not desert this taskmaster.

I suspect this appointment of Geary is done for effect, and that it will amount to nothing. Who is he? is a question not much agitated, although nobody knows. Everybody does know that he is the appointee of Pierce, and the question is rather —"Can any good thing come out of that Administration?"

Poor Shannon! I am almost sorry for him. His ominous repentence, too, just before his political demise. Having "put his hand to the [Border-Ruffian] plow, he looked back," and now stands like another pillar of salt, on this plain of Sodom.

FIRES.

FIRE IN HUDSON STREET—DARING ACT OF INCENDIARISM—NARROW ESCAPES.

About 12½ o'clock on Friday morning a fire occurred in the building No. 463 Hudson street, first floor occupied as a clothing-store by Morris Linda, upper part as a boarding-house by Mrs. Thompson. Mr John Seixas, who occupied the third story, front room, was awakened by the smoke and gave the alarm from his window. As the smoke appeared to come from the lower part of the house, the occupants and firemen who had by this time arrived on the ground, made their way down stairs. In the kitchen a large basket-full of cloths and several chairs piled up in the middle of the room were found in flames. This fire was soon extinguished, yet the house still remained full of smoke. A further examination led to the discovery that there was fire also in the second story which was unoccupied. In two places in the pantry, one in a drawer and the other in a little closet under the dresser, fire was found. In the back room, second floor, fire was discovered in four places. There were two bedsteads and bedding in the room, each being in a blaze, and in addition fire was found in the drawers of two bureaus in the apartment. All of these fires were extinguished before any damage to the building was sustained.

Capt. Ackerman and Fire Marshal Baker now entered into a thorough examination of the building, and remained on the premises till about 3½ o'clock.

Shortly after 4 o'clock, Mr. Seixas gave a second alarm, to which the firemen promptly responded. This time the fire had made greater headway, and the smoke had become so dense that the occupants on the third floor came near being suffocated before they could effect their escape.

Mr. Seixas jumped from the window of his room and striking on the awning post sustained considerable injury. Mrs. Seixas got out of the window and held fast to the sill until a ladder was procured, when she was rescued.

Mary Kane, the servant girl, employed by Mrs Thompson, jumped from the third-story window to the sidewalk. She escaped without injury.

Mrs. Thompson, with her two children, escaped to the roof where they remained until rescued by the firemen.

The other occupants of the house escaped uninjured. Mrs. Thompson estimates her damage to furniture at between $400 and $500. She is insured for $1,200, but in what company we did not learn.

The building is owned by John Cochran, and is damaged to the amount of about $350. Insured for $1,500 in the People's Insurance Company.

The stock of clothing in the store of Mr. Linda was removed by the Insurance Patrol, in consequence of which he sustained but trifling damage, say $100. Mr. L. is insured for $2,000 in the St. Mark's Insurance Company.

Capt. Ackerman of the Ninth Ward Police says, "This is one of the boldest acts of an incendiary that "has taken place in this city in many years, and "it does not appear to have been done for plunder." The case is under investigation, and no pains will be spared to bring the offenders to justice.

FIRE IN GREENWICH STREET.

About 11 o'clock on Thursday night a fire was discovered in the new building No. 78 Greenwich street, by Officer Stack. The fire is supposed to have originated from sparks from the building adjoining occupied as a machine-shop and print-works. The officer succeeded in extinguishing the flames before any damage was done to the building.

FIRE IN RENWICK STREET.

The same hour on Thursday night a fire was discovered among some bedclothes in the attic of dwelling-house No. 31 Renwick street. The flames were soon extinguished. Damage slight.

FIRE IN HORATIO STREET.

Yesterday morning at 11½ o'clock a fire occurred in the dwelling of Mrs Radley, No. 64 Horatio street. It originated among some bed quilts on the piazza, but being soon extinguished, only slight damage was sustained.

FIRE IN EIGHTH AVENUE.

About 6 o'clock last evening, a fire broke out in the woodshed attached to the dwelling of W. Wragg, No. 148 Eighth avenue. Damage about $15. No insurance. The fire was occasioned by children playing with matches.

FIRE IN BEDFORD STREET.

Shortly after 8 o'clock last evening, a fire was discovered in the dwelling-house of Susan Van Aist, No. 4 Bedford street. The fire was confined to a closet where it originated, and clothes to the value of $15 were destroyed. The origin of the fire is unknown.

DROWNED FROM THE STEAMER ADRIATIC.—Coroner Gamble held an inquest yesterday at the Novelty Works, foot of Thirteenth street, East River, upon the body of Edward Scanlan, a machinist who, while at work on board the new steamer Adriatic, accidentally fell overboard and was drowned. The accident occurred yesterday morning at 3 o'clock, when deceased and a number of other workmen who had been engaged all night upon the steamer were attending to their duties. Every effort was made by those on board to rescue the deceased, but though three of their number jumped into the water for that purpose, he sank before they could reach him. The body was recovered at daylight, and the jury of inquest rendered a verdict of accidental death. He was a native of Ireland, 28 years of age.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EMERSON ON ENGLISH CHARACTER.

ENGLISH TRAITS. By R. W. EMERSON. 12mo., pp. 312. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.

The peculiar qualities of Mr. Emerson's mind are strongly stamped on the contents of this volume. Devoted to widely different themes from those of his previous productions, they everywhere betray the spirit which gives vitality to his poems, and his philosophical, historical and literary essays. They could have come from no other pen than his own. They could never be mistaken for the composition of another writer. In Mr. Emerson, the traveler never takes the place of the sage and the moralist. The genius of contemplation accompanies him into the gayest and the most active scenes. In the spectacle of material greatness which England presents to the eye, he finds ample suggestion for subtle criticism and fruitful analogies. Everything is judged and commented on from an ideal point of view. The facts, which he describes with a life-like minuteness and precision, that afford the strongest presumptive proof of his accuracy, are placed in their relation with individual character and culture. The phenomena of English life play the same part in this volume as the scenery of the material universe in his Sibylline book on "Nature." Like that, it blends a weird vein of mysticism, with the most robust sense of reality. Pervaded by a fine poetic imagination, it is as free from rhapsody or sentimentalism as the hardest prose. It clothes the most ethereal ideas in a style of rare simplicity, often rivaling the downright plainness of Paley or even of Cobbett. The practical shrewdness, the homely common-sense which are strangely tempered in Mr. Emerson's constitution with an exquisite perception of beauty, and a love of refined analysis, are prominent on every page. The same is true of his characteristic inconsequence of thought and expression. It is repeated in this work to such an extent, that the lover of consecutive method will be tempted to despair of mastering its details, or of retaining from its perusal any thing but an indistinct impression of isolated splendors of wisdom and beauty. The aphoristic character of the style produces frequent repetitions. The same thought is presented in a variety of forms, with apparent unconsciousness on the part of the writer. Nor are the views presented by Mr. Emerson marked by striking originality, or perhaps we should say by novelty. They are certainly his own—the result of personal observation and reflection—colored by his peculiar modes of association—but not essentially different from the statements of former intelligent writers on England. But they are set forth with a force and vivacity of illustration, an attractive quaintness of expression, and a constant reference to universal principles, which distinguish his volume from the production of any previous tourist. Neither has any other writer on the subject brought to its discussion the wealth of choice and curious erudition, which Mr. Emerson has gathered from a unique, if not a remarkably extensive, course of reading. The aversion to crude and ill-considered statements, which is idiosyncratic with the author, is betrayed in the composition of this work. Its long delay has again and again disappointed the anticipations of his friends. They have been too impatient with the fastidious reluctance to commit a volume to the press until it had received the most complete finish which time and reflection could impart. The first visit to England, which is described in its pages, was made not less than twenty-three years ago. It is nearly nine years since the author performed the second tour, which has furnished the principal portion of the materials for its preparation. In the wide interval which has elapsed since even the last date, the severe elimination and revision to which the work has been subjected will be readily understood by those who can infer the rigid processes of his mind from the austere compression and brevity of the product.

But without indulging in general comments at any greater length, it is our duty to present some of the impressions of "English traits" which Mr. Emerson received from no partial study of life and manners in the homes of his ancestors.

The first point which claimed his attention and wonder, as it does that of every American traveler, was the material perfection which is visible on the face of the country and the condition of the people. England is a paradise of comfort and plenty. The fields present the appearance of a highly cultivated garden. One would think that they had been finished with a pencil instead of a plow. The towns show a solidity of structure that speaks the industry of ages. Every thing gives the impression of magnificence and endless wealth. The climate constantly brings agricultural production up to the highest point. There is plenty of water, of stone, of potter's clay, of coal, of salt, and of iron. The land naturally abounds with game. Immense heaths and downs are paved with quails, grouse, and woodcock, and the shores are animated by water birds. The rivers and the surrounding seas spawn with fish. The people have great vigor of body and endurance. They are bigger men than the Americans. A hundred Englishmen taken at random out of the street would weigh a fourth more than so many Americans. But the skeleton is not larger. They are round, ruddy and handsome; the whole bust is well formed; and there is a tendency to stout and powerful frames. The beauty of English women is not improved by this circumstance. Their forms are apt to grow stocky, and instead of tall, slender figures, of flowing shape, we find stunted and thick-set persons, and, as the French say, with two left hands. But, in all ages, they are a handsome race. The fair complexion, blue eyes and open and florid aspect of the English face indicate a love of truth and fine perceptions. The Saxon man is not the wood out of which cannibal, or inquisitor, or assassin is made. He is moulded for law, civility, marriage, the nurture of children, for colleges, churches, charities and colonies. The English have vigorous health, and last well into middle and old age. The old men are as red as roses, and still handsome. A clear skin, a peach-bloom complexion, and good teeth, are found all over the island. They live well. Their diet is plentiful and nutritious. They do not work on water-cresses. Beef, mutton, wheatbread, and malt liquors are universal among the first-class laborers. They have more constitutional energy than any other people. They love all sorts of manly exercises. They box, run, shoot, ride, row and sail from pole to pole. They eat and drink and live jolly in the open air, putting a bar of solid sleep between day and day. They walk and ride as fast as they can, their head bent forward, like so many mad dogs. Both men and women walk with infatuation. Hunting is the fine art of every well-bred Englishman. They are the most voracious people of prey that ever existed. The muscles of the men are almost as tough and supple as those of the dogs and horses in which they so much delight. If in every efficient man there is first a fine animal, in the English race it is of the best breed, a wealthy, juicy, broad-chested creature, steeped in ale and good cheer, and a little overloaded by his flesh.

Connected with the high material development of the English nation, is their passion for utility. They love all the mechanical powers, the Flanders draught-horse, the waterfall, and the sea and the wind to bear their freight ships. Their toys are steam and galvanism. They are heavy at the fine arts, but adroit at the coarse—not good in jewelry and mosaics—but the best iron-masters, colliers, wool-combers, and tanners in Europe. Their success in agriculture, in resisting the elements, in the manufacture of the indispensable staples, is miraculous. You dine with a gentleman on venison, pheasant, quail, pigeons, poultry, mushrooms, and pine-apples, all the growth of his estate. They study utility in their building, in the order of their dwellings, and in their dress. The Frenchman invented the ruffle, the Englishman added the shirt. He wears a sensible coat buttoned to the chin, of rough but solid and lasting texture. They have diffused the taste for plain substantial hats, shoes, and coats throughout Europe. They look to the essentials in their diet, in their arts and manufactures. In trade, the English believe that nobody breaks who ought not to break. The love of details, the not driving things too finely, constitute that dispatch of business which makes the mercantile power of England. In war, they rely on the simplest means. They do not like ponderous and difficult tactics. They adopt every improvement in rig, in motor, in weapons, but after all believe that the best stratagem in naval war, is to lay your ship along side of the enemy's ship, and bring all your guns to bear on him until you or he go to the bottom. They do not usually shed their blood for a point of honor or a religious sentiment, and never for a whim—they have no Indian taste for a tomahawk dance, no French taste for a badge or a proclamation. But if you offer to lay hand on his day's wages, on his cow, or his right in common, or his shop, the Englishman will fight to the crack of doom. He concentrates all political rights in the right to his own dinner. The questions of freedom, of taxation, of privilege are money questions. If capable of larger views, the indulgence is expensive, costs great crises, or accumulations of mental power. Steeped in beer and flesh pots, they are hard of hearing and dim of sight. Their drowsy minds need to be flagellated by war and trade and politics and persecution. They cannot well read a principle except by the light of fagots and of burning towns.

The English character is founded on a practical, utilitarian basis. Their intellect is essentially logical. They are jealous of minds that have much facility of association. They are impatient of genius and of minds addicted to contemplation. They cannot conceal their contempt for sallies of thought whose steps they cannot count by their wonted rule. They are impious in their skepticism of theory; in high departments they are cramped and sterile; but this practical logic has given them the leadership of the world. Their universal power rests on the national sincerity. Their veracity is innate in their animal structure. They are blunt in saying what they think, sparing of promises, and they require plain dealing in others. They hate shuffling and equivocation, and the cause is damaged in the public opinion, on which any paltering can be fixed. An Englishman habitually understates, avoids the superlative, checks himself in compliments, and alleges that in the French language one cannot speak without lying. They love reality in wealth, power, hospitality, and do not easily learn to make a show and take the world as it goes. They are not fond of ornaments, and if they wear them, they must be gems. Plain, rich clothes, plain, rich equipage, plain, rich finish throughout their house and belongings, mark the English truth. They confide in each other—English believes in English. In the power of saying rude truth, no men surpass them. Their ruling passion in these days is a terror of humbug. In the same proportion they value honesty, stoutness, and adherence to your own.

But their love of truth is combined with a singular want of imagination and sentiment. Their slow temperament makes them less rapid and ready than the people of other countries. English wit comes afterwards. This dulness makes their attachment to home, and their adherence in all foreign lands to their home habits. The Englishman who visits Mount Etna, carries his teakettle to the top. Their eyes seem to be set at the bottom of a tunnel. They affirm the one small fact they know, with the best faith in the world that nothing else exists. As their own belief in guineas is perfect, they readily apply the pecuniary argument as final. Examples of English stolidity are the anecdotes of Europe.

They are good lovers, good haters, and slow, but obstinate admirers. In all things they are very much steeped in their temperament, like men hardly awaked from deep sleep, which they enjoy. Their habits and instincts cleave to nature. They are of the earth, earthy, full of coarse strength, rude exercise, butchers' meat, and sound sleep. Any hint for the conduct of life, which reflects on this animal existence, is looked on with suspicion, as a threat to stop the supplies. A saving stupidity masks and protects their perception as the curtain of the eagle's eye. The Englishman is intensely patriotic, for his country is so small. His confidence in his own nation makes him provokingly incurious about other nations. He dislikes foreigners. When he adds epithets of praise, his climax is "so English." When he wishes to pay you the highest compliment, he says: "I should not know you from an Englishman." He has such a good opinion of England, that the ordinary phrases of disparaging what relates to oneself in talking with a stranger, are mistaken for an insuppressible homage to the merits of his nation. The New-Yorker or Pennsylvanian who modestly laments the disadvantage of a new country, log huts and savages, is surprised by the the instant commiseration of the whole company, who plainly account all the world out of England as a heap of rubbish.

The same insular limitation pinches his foreign politics. He sticks to his traditions and usages, and so help him God, he will force his island by-laws down the throat of great countries, like India, China, Canada, Australia, and not only so, but impose Wapping on the Congress of Vienna, and trample down all nationalities with his taxed boots. English nature is so rash and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with every other. The world is not wide enough for two. Beside this nationality, the English have a personal self-complacency, through which every man delights in showing himself for what he is and in doing what he can. In all companies, each of them has too good an opinion of himself to imitate anybody. He hides no defect of his form, features, dress, connections, or birth-place, for he thinks every circumstance belonging to him comes recommended to you. If one of them have a bald, or a red, or a green head, or bow-legs, or a scar, or mark, or a paunch, or a squeaking or a raven voice, he has not the slightest doubt that there is something modish and becoming in it.

In point of manners, the English are a grave and taciturn race. They are proud and private, and even if disposed to recreation, will avoid an open garden. Meat and wine produce no effect on them—they are as cold, quiet and composed at the end, as at the beginning of dinner. In mixed companies, they shut their mouths. Swedenborg, whether by a stroke of humor, or in his pitiless logic, placed the English souls in a heaven by themselves. They do not wear their heart on their sleeve for daws to peck at. They have that phlegm or staidness which it is a compliment to disturb. Still, when they speak, they always speak their mind. They dare to displease. They like the sayers of No, better than the sayers of Yes. They meditate opposition. Each of them has an opinion, which he feels it becomes him to express all the more that it differs from yours.

Of all men, the Englishman stands firmest in his shoes. They have in themselves what they value in their horses, mettle and bottom. The one thing which they admire is pluck. The cabmen have it—the merchants have it—the women have it—the journals have it. It requires a good constitution to travel in England, simply on account of the vigor and brawn of the people. If they only order eggs and muffins for breakfast, it is with an energy which it would be in vain to resist. The Englishman speaks with all his body. His elocution is from the stomach, not from the lips. He is petulant about his accommodation at inns and on the roads, and pungent and loud in his expressions of impatience, if his chop or his toast is neglected. His vigor is shown in his respiration. Even the inarticulate noises he makes in clearing his throat are significant of burly strength. This is also shown in the stony neglect of each by the other. Every man in this polished country consults only his own convenience as much as a solitary pioneer in Wisconsin. He walks, eats, drinks, shaves, dresses, gesticulates in his own fashion, without reference to the bystanders. No man gives himself the slightest concern about any personal eccentricity in others. An Englishman carries his closed umbrella like a walking-stick in a pouring rain, wears a wig, or a shawl, or a saddle, or stands on his head, and no remark is made. Each of these islanders is an island in himself, safe, tranquil, incommunicable. In a company of strangers, you would think him deaf; his eyes never wander from his table and newspaper. He is never betrayed into any curiosity or unbecoming emotion. He does not give his hand. He does not let you meet his eye. A sea-shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men. The Englishman is finished like a cowry or a murex. After the spire and the spines are formed, a hard enamel varnishes every part. But this japan costs them dear. There is a prose in certain Englishmen which exceeds in wooden deadness, all rivalry with the people of other countries.

The literature of England is distinguished for the strong common sense, which has marked the English mind for a thousand years. The English have no fancy. They are never surprised into a conceit or a witty word, such as pleased the Athenians and the old Italians. They delight in strong earthy expressions, which, though spoken among princes, are equally fit and welcome to the mob. Their songs and ballads are refreshed by the smell of earth, and of the breath of cattle. They ask their constitutional utility in verse. The poet nimbly recovers himself from every sally of the imagination. The Englishman loves the farmyard, the land and market. A taste for plain, strong speech, marks the English. The influence of Plato once tinged the British mind, but it fell from the nights of speculation to a low level. Locke, to whom the meaning of ideas was unknown, became the type of philosophy, and the powers of thought fell into neglect. The later English want the faculty of Plato and Aristotle of grouping men in natural classes by an insight of general laws. They shrink from a generalization. Every one of them is a thousand years old, and lives by his memory; and when you say this, they accept it as praise. They have lost all commanding views in literature, philosophy and science. A good Englishman shuts himself out of three-fourths of his mind, and confines himself to one fourth. He has learning, common sense power of labor and logic, but a faith in universal laws the modern English mind repudiates. The literature which sells consists mainly of politics, trade, statistics, tabulation and engineering. Even what is called philosophy and letters is mechanical in its structure, as if there were no longer any inspiration, as if no vast hope, no religion, no song of joy, no analogy, no wisdom still existed. The tone of colleges and of literary society has this mortal air. One seems to walk on a marble floor, where nothing will grow. No sublime augury cheers the student. A horizon of brass of the diameter of his umbrella shuts down around his senses. He fears the hostility of ideas, of poetry, of religion. The English have trampled on nationalities to reproduce London and Londoners in Europe and Asia, they have attempted to domesticate and dress up the Blessed Soul itself in English broadcloth and gaiters, and hence are tormented with fear that there lurks a force in thought that will sweep away their system.

The view which Mr. Emerson presents of the English character in its most conspicuous manifestations must impress every reader as too broad and unqualified, and must be accepted, if accepted at all, with many limitations. Indeed, he virtually acknowledges this himself, and is clearly anxious to do justice to the more humane and attractive qualities, which are certainly not wanting in the natives of our mother country. The truth is, as Mr Emerson suggests, the English have great range and variety of character. They are contradictorily described as sour, splenetic, and stubborn—and as mild, sweet, and sensible. Commerce sends abroad multitudes of different classes. The choleric Welshman, the fervid Scot, the bilious resident in the East or West Indies, are wide of the perfect behavior of the educated and dignified man of family. So is the burly farmer—so is the country squire, with his narrow and violent life—so is the commercial traveler. But these classes are the right English stock, and may fairly show the national qualities, before yet art and education have dealt with them.

In some instances, too, Mr. Emerson has probably exaggerated accidental individual traits into national characteristics. Certainly he combines qualities in his delineation of English manners that are scarcely compatible with each other. Thus he more than once alludes to the love of freak which the English delight to indulge, the personal eccentricity which is tolerated with such wide charity. But this is not easily reconcileable with the passion for routine, which is a part of their nature. They are positive, methodical, cleanly, devoted to conventional ways, and inexorable on points of form. In an Englishman you are sure of neatness and of personal decorum. A certain order and complete propriety is found in his dress and in his belongings. No merit counteracts the want of keeping the proprieties, which is indispensable as clean linen. But we have already seen, according to Mr. Emerson, that an Englishman may "wear a saddle or stand on his head" without causing remark.

Another discrepancy in the English character, as drawn by Mr. Emerson, is more significant, and is commented on, though briefly, in his concluding chapter. Although models of truth in private life, their public system is a tissue of falsities. Their social institutions are in the highest degree artificial. Their law is a net-work of fictions. Their property is a scrip for interest on money that no man ever saw. Their social classes are made by statute. Their ratios of representative power are historical and legal. Purity in the elective Parliament is secured by the purchase of seats. The pauper lives better than the free laborer—the thief better than the pauper—and the transported felon better than the one under imprisonment. The crimes are factitious, as smuggling, poaching, non-conformity, heresy, and treason. The sovereignty of the seas is maintained by the impressment of seamen. Solvency is maintained by means of a national debt. Their system of education is factitious. The universities galvanise dead languages into a semblance of life. The Church is artificial. English life does not grow out of the Athanasian creed, or the Articles, or the Eucharist. The religion of England is a part of good breeding. The church is the church of the gentry, not the church of the poor. Their faith is a quotation; their church is a doll; and any examination is interdicted with screams of terror. The Anglican Church is marked by the grace and good sense of its forms, by the manly grace of its clergy. It has a general good name for amenity and mildness. The Gospel it preaches is "By taste ye are saved." The doctrine of the Old Testament is the religion of England. The first leaf of the New Testament it does not open. It believes in a Providence which does not treat with levity a pound sterling. The English, abhorring change in all things, abhorring it most in matters of religion, cling to the last rag of form, and are dreadfully given to cant. The Church at this moment has nothing left but possession. The religion which it preaches is nothing but a theatrical Sinai, where the thunders are supplied by the property-man. If a bishop meets an intelligent gentleman and reads fatal interrogations in his eye, he has no resource but to take wine with him. False position introduces cant, perjury, simony, and even a lower class of mind and character into the clergy, and when the hierarchy is afraid of science and education, afraid of piety, afraid of tradition, and afraid of theology, their church has already become no longer a church. Counterfeits prevail equally in material things. England is aghast at the disclosure of fraud in the adulteration of food, of drugs, and of almost every fabric in her mills and shops. She finds that milk will not nourish, nor sugar sweeten, nor bread satisfy, nor pepper bite the tongue, nor glue stick. Thus in truth-loving England, everything is false and forged. The manners and customs of society are artificial—made up men with made up manners—the whole is Birminghamized and we have a nation whose existence is a work of art—a cold, barren, almost arctic isle, being made the most fruitful, luxurious, and imperial land in the whole earth.

Such are the main features in Mr. Emerson's portraiture of England. It is rarely that a nation is made to sit for its likeness to so severe, so cold blooded, and so impartial an artist. We believe that every line has been drawn, every color blended, with a high sense of fidelity to the original. This active conscientiousness is doubtless the secret of the delay of the volume. Mr. Emerson's words often have the air of oracles, in their weighty and impressive manner, though free from oracular ambiguity. Whatever protests may be declared against the correctness of his delineations, no one can hesitate to pronounce them the faithful transcripts of his own impressions. He has written without compliment, without dwelling on the fairest aspects of his subject, without diluting or disguising his thoughts, but also without passion, without bitterness, without a tincture of national prejudice, and with the "sad sincerity" of profound conviction. The style of the work is in the peculiar sententious manner of all his writings, possibly with a trace of superior mellowness, and a richer aromatic flavor. In matters of mere diction, Mr. Emerson is usually a model of idiomatic purity, notwithstanding the racy originality of his illustrations and turns of expression. We therefore wish that he had not lent the authority of his example to such a beggarly phrase as "*in this connection*," which, though often used by eminent Boston writers, is certainly not English. The mechanical execution of the work is bad, and we wonder that the fastidious author should have been willing to appear in so mean a dress.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM ST. DOMINGO.

A letter by the schooner Marietta Smith, Capt. Chase, from Port-au-Platte on the 3d inst., says: A few days ago a Dominican man-of-war schooner arrived from St. Domingo City, the capital of the Dominican Republic, and her officers reported the city in a state of revolution in consequence of a treaty with Old Spain. The 7th article of the treaty favors all Spanish descendants, and allows them to become Spanish citizens, and they being the most numerous wish to become so in fact, and hoist the Spanish flag again. Citizens, soldiers, and all are rushing to the Spanish Consul's to get registered and become such. The day the schooner left the city, 5,000 or more had registered their names, and many more would sign. This has caused a great movement in the city. All the tribunals had been closed, business was suspended, and the President and his Cabinet wished to resign. The Spanish Consul is doing all he can to prevent the American treaty being ratified, opposing the American Consul in all his moves. The foreigners and the liberal party are looking anxiously for a vessel from the States to protect their interests. The editor of one of the city papers had shot down in the streets, in broad daylight, a Spaniard; a political dispute was the cause. The editor escaped, but a reward of $5,000 has been offered for his apprehension by the Spanish Consul.

FROM PORT AU PRINCE.—Capt. Bullon of the bark Clara Windsor, arrived on Friday, reports that place as being healthy, no fever cases having occurred for a length of time. The vessels in port have been entirely free of fever among their crews.

CADETS OF TEMPERANCE.—A Regular Quarterly Session of the Grand Section of Cadets of Temperance, of the Southern District of this State, will be held at the village of [illegible] in West Chester County, on the evening of the 20th inst., commencing at 8 o'clock. Delegates are particularly requested to be punctual at the time. H. DURKELL JOHNSON, Jr., Grand Secretary.